





Ex Libris
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS



FRANK CHARLES MINOPRIO

ILLUSTRATIONS
TO
POPULAR SONGS,

BY
HENRY ALKEN.

————— "Every man shall sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours."
SHAKSPEARE.

LONDON :
PUBLISHED BY THOMAS M'LEAN,
Repository of Wit and Humour.
No. 26, HAYMARKET.
1825.

*To fill fill your Glasses, be this the toast given
Here's ENGLAND for ever, the land boys we live in.*



*Health, Love & Ready Rhime,
To all those whom you & I know.*

London, Published by THOS. M. LEAN, Repository of WIT & HUMOUR, 26 Haymarket, 1822.

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*To fill fill your life
With ENGLAND'S*



Printed by T. H. S.

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ADDRESS.

“ Swans sing before they die—’twere no bad thing
“ Should some folks die before they sing.”

So whispered a friend to Mr. ALKEN, when they were once compelled to hear the discordant notes of a volunteer at a convivial party. “ I wish it were so,” said the Artist; “ but the words of the song furnish a good subject for a Sketch,” and he soon presented his friend with the Illustration of “ Begone Dull Care :” this was much approved of, and became the first “ Symptom” of the “ ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR SONGS,” a Work intended to furnish the Amateur of the Fine Arts, and of Singing, with characteristic representations of his favourite subjects, that he may have the pleasure of beholding the Poet’s fancy, embodied by the glowing warmth of the Artist’s fertile imagination.

Such being the origin of the present Work, it remains only for the Publisher, in submitting it to the Public, to assure them of his anxious desire to have it rendered worthy of the very liberal encouragement which has been given by his Friends and Patrons to the “ Symptoms” and other Works of Mr. ALKEN, and to solicit a continuance of those favours which have induced him to publish such variety of this inimitable Artist’s productions.

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SONGS.



While happy in my Native Land



Adieu Adieu my Native Land



Begone dull care



*A Hogshead was offered at Baschuss. Love has Eyes
Shrine*

SONGS.



Directed by the waning moon



Drink to me only with thine eyes



*Is there a heart that never loved
Nor felt soft woman's sigh*



Young Love once lived in an humble shed

O Lady fair where art thou going



I have a silent sorrow here

Ben^d Alken Del^t

London, Published by Thomas, M^cLean, Repository of Wit & Humour, 26, Haymarket, 1822

SONGS



Sure such a pair were never seen



As justly formed to meet us nature



The Boyars do their Fathers sende



No more shall sorrow



The Girls have all their mothers beauty



We be three poor Mariners

Hen^d. Alken Del^d

London Published by Thomas M^d Lean Repository of M^d & F^d in 26 Newmarket 1822

SONGS.

When in death I shall calm recline

When absent from her

on summer my darling



Fair Ellen like a lilly green

to return hear my story

Hen. Alken Del.

London Published by Thomas W. Lean, Repository of Wit & Humour, 26, Newmarket, 1827

SONGS.



Robert Wine

With — mixture without measure



May we Live a Life of Pleasure



Said a Smile



To a Tear

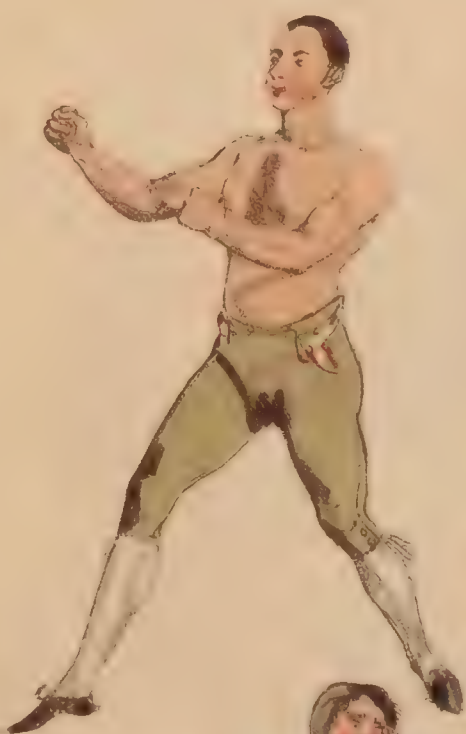


For with them — true Joys are found

Hen. Allen, Del.

London, Published by Thomas, M. Lean, Repository of Wit & Humour, 26 Thrcmarket 1822

SONGS.



He was famed for deeds



*How Maid of envied Charms
he to her his Love impart
One hure flame breva des coit*



He harbours no envy he causes no strife

Hen^d. Alken. Del^t

London, Published by Thomas. M^r. Lean. Repository of Wit & Humour. 26, Flaxmarket. 1822

The morning bids the huntsmen prepare,

SONGS.

*The sportsman is mounted and ready to fly,
When the chase is begun & the hounds in full cry.*



H. Alken, del.

*No sport in the world can with hunting compare.
The joys of the chase bids adieu to all care*

SONGS.

How sweet to be, as on we rush,
By any thing entangling
Amidst a lovely thorny bush,
Or on a tree left-dangling

Then when our mettles at its pitch
While tally ho, were bawling,
Safe landed in a muddy ditch,
To be genteely sprawling



While many a broken scone, and pie
Proclaim the pleasures of the chace

Let muddy ditches wash your face
Still greats the pleasure of the chace
Then dripping like a drowning lot.

H. Alken Del

SONGS.

No joys can delight like the sports of the field.

To hunting all pleasure and pastime must yield.



H. Alkon. Del.

Hark away, hark away.

In the arena of the horn

SONGS.

*The sportsmen all rode at a desperate rate,
As if they had rode for a thousand pound plate.*



H. P. Allen. Del

*But they can turn them, no wall can them set;
For the choicest of sportsmen in England were met.*

SONGS.

*True Sportsmen are we for the game once in view
With unrestrained ardour the Chase we pursue.*



SONGS.

*A Southerly wind and a stormy sky
Proclaim a hunting morning*



*I start up the wood and the run
With the hounds and the hounds are up.*

*Then we ride & spur for a two hours chase.
Our horses so panting and sobbing.*



H. Alken. Del.

London. Published by Tho^s M^r Lean, Repository of Wit & Humour, 26, Haymarket, 1822.

SONGS

Come here fond youth who ere you be.

What beau was a mid' completer.

But are you sure the news is true.

*Ize a' Yorkshire Man
Just come to Town.*



A Soldier Jam for the Ladies



Sally in our Alley.

*Come all you jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honours mould:
While Englands glory I unfold.*

J.P. Alken Del

See the conquering hero comes.

SONGS.

No more I'll court the town-bred fair.



*When nature sheds her sweets around,
And cultivation aids the ground.*

I'm called honest Ben for what I don't know.

*What a hard fate is ours, indeed & indeed,
Tis a terrible life that our poor servants lead.*

H. A. Allen Del

London, Published by Tho. M'Lean, Repository of Wit & Humour, 26, Haymarket, 1822

SONGS.

Music hath power to melt the soul

Love's but only my creature



H. Alken. Del

May the Rose and the Lily for ever unite

Love caught us by surprise Sir

London, Published by Tho. McLean, Repository of Wit & Humour, 26 Haymarket, 1822

SONGS.

Tar removed from Noise & smoke.

Young man, how to the pleasure, lower



H. Alken. Del.

What airy sound, floats sweetly round.

Taste, oh taste this spicy wine.

My life, my joy, my blessing.

SONGS.



H. Alken. Del.

A Knight of a gay & gallant mien.
 London. Published by Tho. M'Lean. Repository of Wit & Humour. 26 Haymarket 1822.

SONGS.

The young man was so fair

*There was an ancient fair
And she lov'd a neat young man*



When first impell'd by honours call.

Shepherds...

...

H. Alken Del

London Published by Tho. McLean, Repository of Wit & Humour, 26, Haymarket, 1822

Ye little loves that round her wait,



I say not woman's heart is deceitful,



O say not that Woman no longer delights me.



*Is it honour you'd seek—won't you go to the Wars?
By my soul you'll be living forever*

By Athen. Del.



I am in love, I feel it now,



Jack come home his pockets linn'd

SONGS.

*In sportive mood the pickle god
In various shapes to tempt us tries.*

*What ere my condition n'hy should I repine,
My poverty never depressid.*



*In the midst of our happiness loves -
Why thus turn away.*

H. P. Alkon Del.

SONGS.

I saw that form in youthful trim.

I'm not one of your fops.

From night 'till morn

I take my glass.



Rory's wife of Aldivalloch.



I love thee night & day love.



I've kiss'd & I've prattled with fifty fair maids.

H. Aiken. Del.

SONGS.

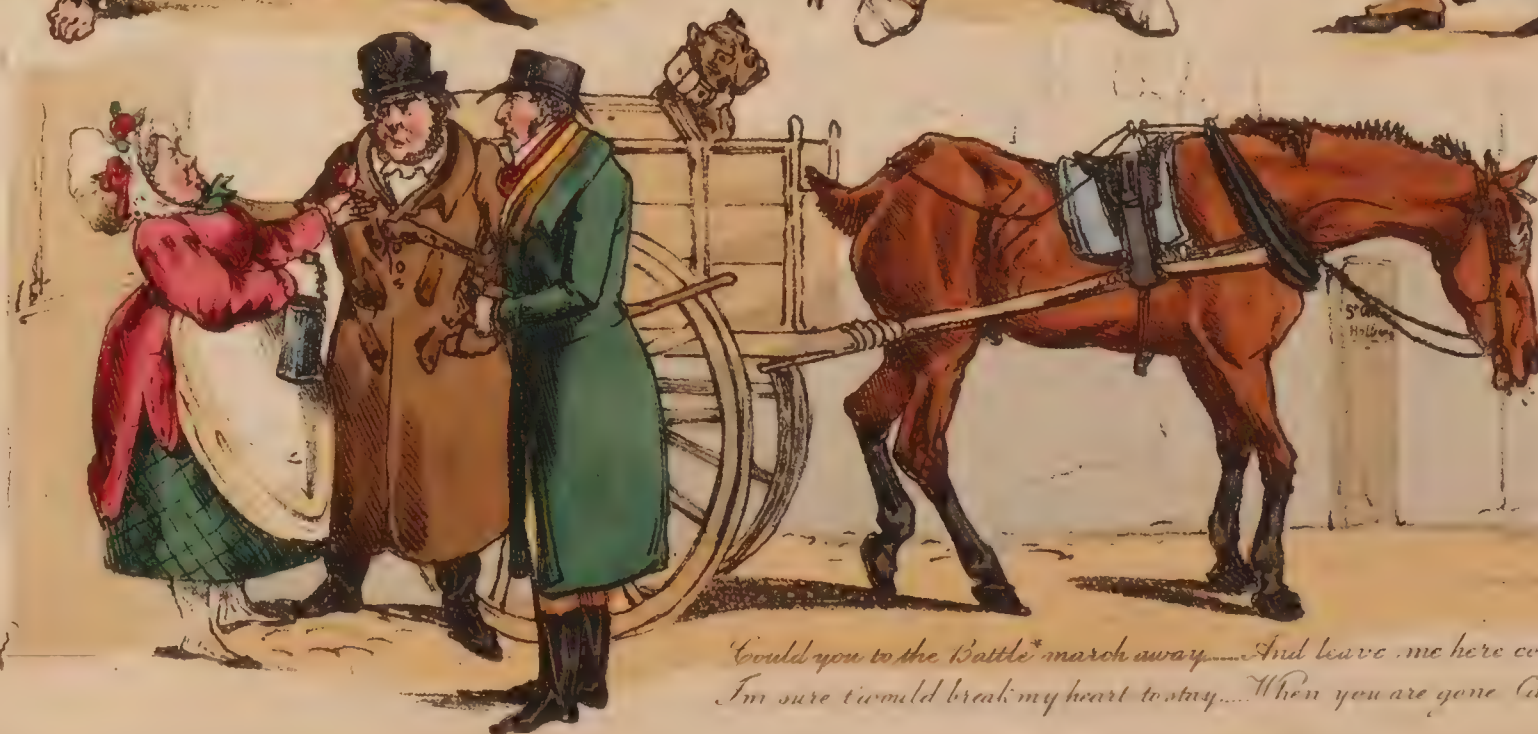
That Love's a tyrant, I can prove,



Adieu my pleasant sports & play,



A swain of love despairing.



H. Alken, Del.^r

'Could you to the Battle march away—And leave me here complaining, a Mill
I'm sure I would break my heart to stay—When you are gone Campaigning, plundering*

A Blessing unknown to Ambition & Pride.

SONGS.

Which fortune can never abate.



H. Alken. Del.

*To Wealth & to splendour though often denied,
Yet on poverty deigns to await.*

London, Published by Tho^s. M^s. Leon, Repository of Wit & Humour, 26. Haymarket. 1822.

SONGS.

*Since the first dawn of reason,
That beam'd on my mind,*



And like music on the waters, Is thy sweet voice to me.



*I heard a voice at dead of night,
Rise softly on the swelling blast.*



*When first those blooming
Charms I spied,
That smiling play
On Anna's face.*



*Deep in the fountain of this beating heart,
Thence as the vital streams from hence that flow.*



*Her air without affected pride,
Her shape, her mien, her every grace.*

Happily were the days from infancy advancing.

W. Alken, Del.

London, Published by Tho. W. Lean, Repository of Wit & Humour, 26 Haymarket, 1822.

SONGS.

What are the boasted joys of love?

The gentle gales that fan the air



What art thou death that I should fear.



To boast what one's born to is nonsense & pothor.

*When I cast my eyes round
the gay circle of joy.*

What is glory what is fame..... that a shadow. this a name.

SONGS.

*Arise brother sportsmen the landscape survey.
Vow the dog and the gun can delight.*



Bright & hoarse in career has mounted his Car. And the swains of Dunsna rush eager to war.

H. P. Allen Del.

London. Published by The 'M' Lean Repository of Wit & Humour. 26. Haymarket. 1822

SONGS.

I would were my lot.



*The Lira, scorn the little art,
Which meaner beauties use.*



Alas where is my lover gone.



Turn fair Clara

'Go false I am.



Fly swiftly in moments.

Fly to the Desert with me.

Give ear to me both high & low.

H. Alken, Del.

*The hounds are uncoupled see yonder they fly,
They have a strong scent & are all in full cry*

*Awake ye dull sportsmen bid slumber adieu,
The huntsman is ready the chase to pursue*



H. P. Alken Del.

Hark away my brave boys to the meadows repair.

SONGS.

When jealous out of season



*When first I saw the graceful move,
Ah me what meant my throbbing breast.*



H. Allen, Del.

Ye swains that are Courting a maid.....Be warn'd & instructed by me.

'Tis woman that seduces all Mankind.

SONGS.

Ye breeze that sweeps the orange grove



Happier the love that meets return



B^y Alken Del^d

Swanderd once at break of day

He woo'd, he won her simple heart.

How imperfect is expression!

searching fashion with what power. Dispel doth thou

SONGS.

Away with melancholy.

Glorious Apollo.



From on high behold us,
Wandering to find a temple for his praise.



H. Alton Del.

'Come let us prepare, ye brothers that are,
Assembled on merry occasion.

London, Published by Tho. M. Linn, Repository of Wit & Humour, 26 Haymarket, 1822.

SONGS.

*Harry, dear Mary, list awake!
And like the moon thy slumbers break.*

A poor little Orphan neglected am I.



*Thy father! away, I renounce the soft claim.
Thou spot to my honour, thou blast to my fame.*

Now all thy virgin sweets are mine.

*My tanks are furnishid with bees
Those murmers*

*Every pulse every pulse along my veins,
And every roving fancy.*

I've health and I've spirits too.



H. Alken, Del.

*If I swear by that eye you'll allow,
His look is so shifting and new.*

*That the oath I might trace on it near,
The very next glance might undo.*

In storms when clouds obscure the sky.

London, Published by Tho. M. Leary, Repository of Wit & Humour, 26, Haymarket, 1822.

Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn
And spangles deck the thorn.

Sportsmen who are staunch & true



A true sportsman resolute, dashes thro' thick & thin.
He may be at fault but he never gives in.

A fig for the man who embarked on the chase..... To fear or impediment ever gives place.

London, Published by Tho. M^cLean, Repository of Wit & Humour, 26, Haymarket, 1822.

SONGS.

A Highland lad my love was born.



A Rose tree in full bearing



'Could a man be secure.



Fly, soft ideas, fly.

To wander alone when the moon faintly beaming.

W. Allen. Del.

*A fig for the cares of this whirligig world,
Shall still be my maxim where ever I'm twirld*



*At length puss is caught,
And lies panting for breath.*

At the peaceful midnight hour.

SONGS.

Turns off dull melancholy

Makes the heavy light & gay

And makes the wisest go astray

Here does a warden's duty right



Wine does wonders

And the poor and needy jolly

H. P. Allen del.

London, Published by Tho. M. Lean, Repository of Wit & Humour, 26, Fleet Street, 1842.

I am the boy for bewitching them.

SONGS.



*The night before the battle rag'd.
Within the silent camp.*



Ho George, I can't endure you

H. Alken. del.

London, Published by Tho. W. Loan, Repository of Wit & Humour 26, Haymarket, 1822

*The steed with impatience reviews the far plain,
And pawing the earth pants in every vein.*



H. Alken, Del.

*Thro' thickets he rushes & down valleys sweep,
No rampart or hedge can his vigour impede.*

Behold the bold youth up the threatening steep,



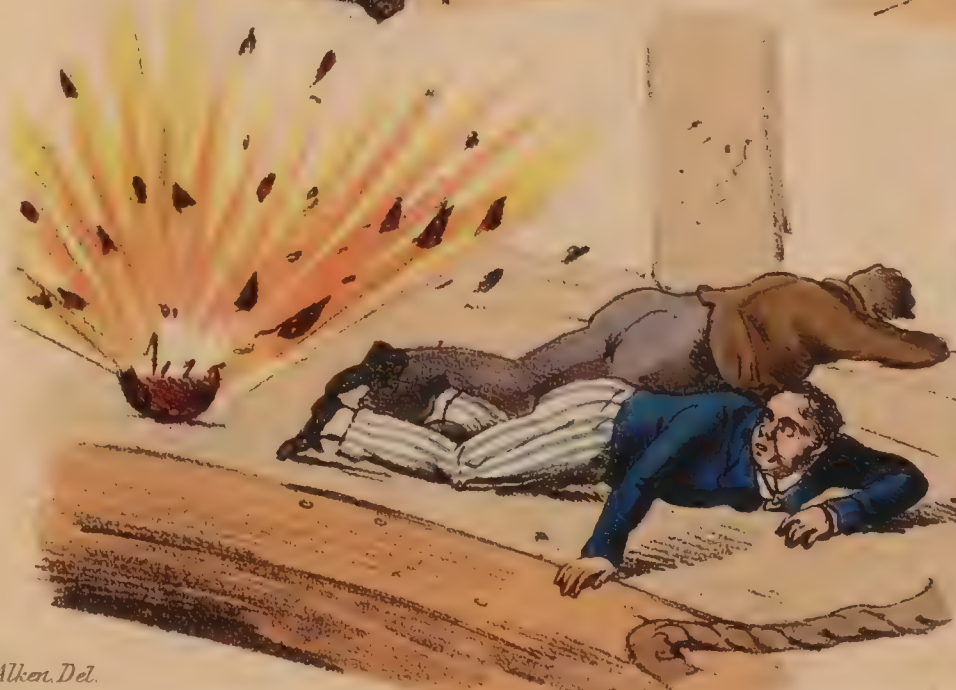
Tho' life is at stake he trusts all to his Steed.

SONGS.

A person who had a remarkable foible.

When a man is too much inclin'd to sleep.

My love she is so pretty.



H. Alken. Del.

Old's blood what a time for a sea man to soull.

Stay, sweet enchanter of the grove.

Love's blind they say.

London, Published by Tho. M. Lean, Repository of Wit & Humour, 26 Haymarket, 1822.

SONGS.



My flowing hair

Thou art charms my bosom fire

one has not the end

my flowing hair

When you blow your nose

When you blow your nose

H. Alkon. del.

London. Published by Tho. M. Lean. Repository of Wit & Humour. 26 Haymarket. 1822.

SONGS.

Turn around those eyes of love.



Come cheer up my lads 'tis to glory we steer.



... I die with pleasure.



'Twas night & the midnight was past.

H. Alken. del.

London. Published by Tho. McLean, Repository of Wit & Humour, 26 Haymarket, 1822.





